

Daily Democrat

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The Rainbow with the Pot of Gold at the End of It.

Among the beautiful illusions of youth there were two which perplexed our childish mind. One was that, to catch a bird, it was only necessary to throw salt on its tail, and many a many a time we have tried to steal near enough to accomplish the feat. Somehow we always failed, but that childish monster who does not faithfully and fully believe that the above plan is perfect—run grand salis.

The other belief, and one upon which we were and are willing to stake all the fairy dreams of boyhood, together with our wonderful achievements since—and that is a heavy wager—is, that at the end of the "triumphal arch that spans the sky, when storms prepare to part," there is a veritable pot of gold. Not gold in the rough or ore; not gold by the quartz, as a miner would say, but by the big two or three gallon earthen jar, just such as Ali Baba found in the den of the robbers, and for the taking of which his unlucky brother, Cassim, was cut up like meat.

Whatever lingering doubts might have remained in our youthful minds on the "previous question," from an inability to see the affinity between birds' tails and salt, on this one there was no doubt. It was plain and reasonable that all that liquid auriferous stream in the bow of promise there turned down, and pouring upon the earth, should be caught in some earthen or other vessel. The only doubt in our mind was, whether the other colors did not drop sapphires and rubies into the same precious vessel.

We suppose we need not mention here, as no one has seen us with a superfluous amount of tinkling mini-drops, or adorned in glittering jewelry, that we never were quite able to reach that near but ever far vase of wealth. Nor need we say that we often plunged recklessly into mud and mire, in pursuit of that fleeting treasure. Why should we be ashamed of it? Do we not all follow it through life in the shape of the "almighty dollar," and is it not used also to figure in sacred writings in golden temples and streets of that New Jerusalem to which we all aspire? We did push after it through briar and brush, and have been doing so in a passably honest way ever since.

We, however, are not alone in this chase for precious metals. It was the incentive that populated California and Australia. A short time since, any one who picked up a paper would see that the gold was cropping out so thick in Idaho, that it was used to make tools instead of the baser metals. Before that Washoe, so richly and humorously described by J. Ross Brown, was proved to be nothing but a lot of heavily silver-plated rocks.

the richest ever discovered.

In the same vicinity are Simpson Park, Bunker Hill, Smoky Valley, Santa Fe, Big Creek, Washington and San Antonio districts—all very rich.

This happy land is located between California and Utah, and is bounded on the North by Oregon. The Pony Express runs right through, and you can pack up your trunk and start to-morrow and be sure of a safe trip, barrin' the rebels and the Indians, the grizzlies, starvation and such trifles as that.

Do you think all the golden story has been told yet? What a mistake! If you are too refined for refined silver, all you have to do is to step over into Montana and fill four pockets with the yellow, glittering root of all evil as fast as you can dig it up.

Bannock City, which is another of those very fast little Western cities, is built upon silver mines, mixed in a most agreeable way with gold—like a nice roast, with a streak of fat and a streak of lean.

We would like to tell more about this, but really the remembrance of that unfortunate pot of gold that we never could get, comes up too vividly. Our feelings are too many for us. We have no doubt it lies buried in those ledges of which we have written, but in a burst of generosity we offer all our share to any one who will go and get it.

WINTER FASHIONS FOR GENTLEMEN.

A Philadelphia contemporary gives the style of gentlemen's winter fashions in that city, as follows:

During the coming winter, old clothes will be all the rage. Second-hand overcoats, out at the elbow, are to be very much worn by gentlemen between the ages of nineteen and seventy. Pockets are to be dispensed with entirely.

"Patches" are now worn among the elite, and are considered very beautiful. A new style of dress pantaloons called the "patched breeches" are gradually becoming popular, and it is to be worn by all classes. The peculiarities of this sort of pantaloons are not numerous, there being nothing distinctive about them except a patch on the front of that part most rarely exposed to the public eye.

A very pretty vest has just made its appearance, and is destined to become a universal favorite. It is called "the spotted vest." The spots are furnished by accidental applications of grease, gin cocktails and the like, and are, in most instances, many years old.

The most talked of style of boot, now known to fashion-loving gentlemen, is one called "down at the heel and out at the toe." It is worn by many of our most conspicuous citizens.

Of the other fashions it is hardly necessary to speak. At a meeting of the Young Men's Old Overcoat Club, held last night, it was unanimously

Resolved, That during the next six months we will purchase no new overcoats, and that we will point the old unloving finger of scorn at every man who does so.

Resolved, That the Young Men's Old Overcoat Club withhold its patronage and friendship from all gentlemen who indulge in new suits while the present high prices continue.

RIGHTS OF AMERICANS.—A wag has made the following summary of what he calls the inalienable rights of Americans, and which are not enumerated in the Declaration of Independence:

To know any trade or business without apprenticeship or experience.

To marry without regard to fortune, state of health, position, or opinion of parents.

To have a wife and children dependent on contingencies of business, and, in case of sudden death, to leave them wholly unprotected.

To teach our children no good trade, hoping they will have, when grown up, wit enough to live on the industry of other people.

To enjoy the general sympathy when made bankrupt by reckless speculation.

To cheat the Government if possible.

To hold offices without being competent to discharge their duties.

To bait houses with nine and six-penny wares, go to the funeral of tenants, firemen and others killed by the fall, weeping over the "mysterious dispensation of Providence."

To build our cities and towns without any parks, public squares, broad streets, and ventilated blocks, and call pestilence a visitation of God.

A MORRIS LEGEND.—The Morris tell a story about the ravens. I heard it from Sir John Drummond Hay, who enjoyed me to make a little of it. The Morris tell that the ravens when they first came out of the eggs are white, and they relate in a comical manner how horrified the pastured farmer was when the young one came out, and the saw that the mother was white.

[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]

MY CHILDHOOD HOME.

BY BURCHAM.

O, give me a home in the shady retreat,
Where my childhood went fleetingly by—
Where my heart, in its fond reminiscences, beats
To the time of an anxious sigh.
O, who does not envy the days of his youth
While parents his life's feeble span,
To find that life is so rude and uncouth,
When from childhood he's changed to a man?

Where the brook's gentle voice and the butterfly
Chase
Filled my heart with such smiles of delight,
Now tear-bathed the blossoms that bloom in the
vase

When the home of my birth comes to sight,
I sigh when I see its dear walls decay
Crumbling now like the hopes I have named,
And I think, like my own, its bright walls are clay.

Oh! which first will to rest be reclaimed?
O, give me a home in the shady retreat,
Where the woodbine its beautiful arms
Twines about the old door, and seems glad to
greet

My fond form "neath the shade of its charms;
But the evergreen now has all faded and gone—
At their beautiful forms death has smiled,
And I ask of myself and the cot all alone.

Oh! which first will to rest be reclaimed?
Alas! which first will to rest be reclaimed?
ALBANY, N.Y., Nov., 1864.

[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]

LINES TO

BY E. BURNETT EVANS.

Oh! could I bid the violets
That blossom on the loe
To keep within their tiny cups
One kiss of love for thee.

Oh! could I woo the fragrant winds
To linger near thee now,
And softly breathe into thine ear
Affection's holy vow.

Oh! could I reach the azure skies,
I'd trace thy image there,
Among the glittering gems of night,
In colors rich and rare.

And if one little word of love
Upon my ear should fall,
I'd fondly deem the precious gift
A recompense for all.

[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]

INKLINS.

BY PHILANDER JUDSON, JR., F. F.

—The Sunday Democrat, like the blood,
circulates, but, unlike the blood, not in
veins.

—The young man whose sweetheart turns
out to be a fool may well exclaim, "A lass
and a lack!"

—Shakespeare on marriage—"Double,
double, toil and trouble."

—The difference between a high-toned gen-
tleman and a base man is just about an
octave.

—Is it necessary in order to sing in a
falsetto voice to have a false set of teeth?

—A negro regiment passed through the
city, recently, one thousand strong.

—Don't compare the white and black
troops—"Comparisons are odorous."

—The price of gold is \$2 50—A very
hard cash. \$1 50.

—A great reader of novels must be he
who has read "Ten Thousand a Year."

—A man going to sea, his wife desires
the prayers of the church. The preacher
replied: "A man going to sea his wife,
desires the prayers of the church." Don't
you see the point?

—A disfranchised Frenchman is blind in
one sense—he has lost his elective French
eyes.

—Good health is the great sine qua non to
happiness. So I thought when I had the
chills and fever and hadn't a sign of quinine
about the house.

[From the Shoe and Leather Reporter.]

A Victim of Grief.

BY STRAWS.

Bill — was a shoemaker, in a neigh-
boring city to New York, and had the re-
putation among the craft of "rolling off" of
his sense. In other words, he was a lout.
Bill was continually a victim of grief; it
was his habit, when he was not at work, to
grieve, he could not well attend to the
duties of his vocation. His griefs were
withal long and frequent, and the inter-
vals between one grief and the next were
of very short duration. He took a deep in-
terest in affairs Municipal, State and Na-
tional, besides being the head of a family,
the direction of which latter incumbence
another source of grief, and so from the
first month in the calendar to the last
month, his mind was so fully employed that
it interfered with the labor of his hands.

Had these griefs paid for the in-
conceivable outlay, and had he been a
rich man, he might have been a happy
man, but he was a poor man. He was a
desperate rich, an unhappy man. The
hero of our tale was a politician in a small
way, and at about the time the primary
elections were held, his griefs were bound
at this time he forsook his hands, laid
aside his awls and bristles, and sallied
forth to do or die for his country.

His own party were continually departing
from the old landmarks, and he found that
they were nominating men whom he could
not conscientiously support. At these times
Bill would make known his grievances to
the opposite party, and announce his deter-
mination to vote for them, and in this way
consideration for his services, would en-
gage to battle manfully against the wrong.

By reason of the solemn physiognomy,
which had become chronic with him, he
was generally successful in making a
raise.

Having an eye to business, besides a
desire to inform his own party that he was
aggravated at their rashness in putting up
with the old landmarks, he would make
them of his intention to cut out from them
for this time and work for their opponents
—this statement generally insured a
palliative for his grief, in the shape of a
few dollars. After he received his money
from both parties, he was grieved to know
how to work his cards so as to be consistent
—for he was a great stickler for consistency
—and this would occupy his mind so in-
tensely as to be to him a source of grief.

His family included, and many were
the sound naps, lasting a full day, which our
hero has enjoyed while in this semi-con-
sistent state. When Bill's domestic was
about returning home, he would say to her
"You want a bill?" "Yes," said I, "I can
get a good one." "Well," said my brother,
"I've got one, if there ever was one. I've
got a boy that doesn't need speaking to but
once."

I took the boy, and after he had been
with me three months, attending school, I
asked him how he should like to come and
live with me. He said he should like it
very much, but he had no money, and he
claim upon him—for he was an orphan. He
replied "No."

Finding afterwards that a gentleman in
Westchester county pretended to have such
a claim, I told him that he had better go
and ask him, and he went, and he came back
and said, "The fellow is a liar. I have under-
stood so."

The elderly gentleman resumed: "Some
twenty years ago, I was visiting my brother
in Westchester county, and just as I was
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[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]

TO "BURCHAM."

BY BURCHAM.

Forgive me if a careless thought,
Traced in a weary hour,
Has to thy heart the lesson taught,
A lesson for thy power.

Alas! that I in friendship's wreath
Should have been so open to thee,
To intermix its poisonous breath
With roses' sweet perfume.

But cast aside the dross, whose sting
So rudely pierced thy heart,
And say what offering shall I bring
To soothe and heal the smart?

Forgive me! Let this broken song
My humble offering be,
And may our friendship last three long
Lone, through eternity.

BLOOMINGTON, KENTUCKY.

[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]

NOVEMBER.

Moanfully weeping in a sad, subdued tone,
November comes gliding o'er hill and o'er vale;
Sadly weeping for joys she has never known,
And mourning for beauties that are not her own.

Beauteous! desolate! the hearts she now bids
Wailing and groaning. Alas! she ne'er bids
Our sad, sorrowing hearts, but bids them weep on,
And sigh for the days that are now past and gone.

But mourn, November, for nature not only—
Weep with the widow whose now sad and lonely;
Sigh with the maiden whose lover is dead,
And weep by the lonely hearth where o'er her head

Oh, wilt thou, who dost reign in Heaven above—
Thou Father of Pity and Mercy and Love,
Grant to this long suffering nation blessed peace—
Then, November, cease from the wild wailing,
cease.

LAURA E. VIRDEN.

Speaking but Once.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

Two gentlemen were riding together in a
hack, the other day, when the name of a
young lawyer of good talents and promise
was mentioned, upon which the elderly
gentleman said: "That is one of my boys."

"Yes," was the reply. "I have understood
so."

The elderly gentleman resumed: "Some
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in Westchester county, and just as I was
about returning home, he said to me, 'Don't
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EDWARD'S TEMPTATION.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

It was six o'clock in the afternoon. At
this time the great wholesale warehouse of
Messrs. Hubbard & Son was wont to close,
unless the pressure of business compelled
the partners to keep open until later.

The duty of closing usually devolved upon
Edward Jones, a boy of fourteen, who had
lately been engaged to perform a few slight
duties for which he received the sum of
fifty dollars annually. This was the "boy,"
but if he behaved himself so as to win the
approbation of his employers his chance of
promotion was good.

Yet there were some things that rendered
this small salary a hard trial to him—cir-
cumstances with which his employers were
unacquainted. His mother was a widow.
The sudden death of Mr. Jones had thrown
the entire family upon their own resources,
and these were indeed but slender.

There was an older sister who assisted
her mother to sew, and this, with Edward's
salary, constituted the entire income of the
family. Yet by means of untiring indus-
try they had contrived to live as fast as to
live, using strict economy, of course. Yet they
had wanted none of the absolute necessaries
of life.

But Mary Jones—Edward's sister—grew
sick. She had taken a severe cold, which
terminated in a fever. This not only cut
off the income arising from her own labor,
but also prevented her mother from accom-
plishing as much as she would otherwise
have been able to do.

On the morning of the day on which our
story commences, Mary had expressed a
longing for an orange. In her fever it
would have been most grateful to her.

It is hard indeed when we are obliged
to deny to those we love that which would
be a refreshment and a benefit to them.

Mrs. Jones felt this, and so did Edward.
"I only wish I could buy you one, Mary,"
said Edward, just as he set out on his errand.
"Next year I shall receive a larger salary,
and then we shan't have to pinch so much."

"Never mind, Edward," said Mary, smiling
faintly. "I ought not to have asked
for it, knowing how hard you must have
had to get along without me."

"Don't trouble yourself about that, Ma-
ry," said Mrs. Jones soothingly, though her
heart sank within her at the thought of her
emptyarder. "Only get well, and we
shall get on well enough afterwards."

It was with the memory of this scene
that Edward went to the store in the morn-
ing.

All around him were boxes of rich goods
representing thousands of dollars in money.
"Oh," thought he, "if only had the value
of one of these boxes, how much good it
would do poor Mary!"

The long day wore away at last, and Ed-
ward was about to close the warehouse.

But as he passed the desk of his employer
his attention was drawn to a bit of paper
lying on the floor beneath.

He picked it up, and to his great joy
found it to be a ten-dollar bill.

The first thought that flashed upon him
was: "How much good this will do Mary!"

He took her the orange, and she was
happy, and she shall have some every day. And
perhaps she would like a chicken. And
perhaps she would like a chicken

